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Principles and Resolutions

NO MATTER what is said concerning the failure of the United States Senate to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, one must not exaggerate the real issue in Washington. The issue was not the treaty, but the attitude of the United States toward it. It was not the League of Nations, but the degree of our immediate participation in the League.

Even a cursory reading of the day's news must indicate that the thought of the peoples is advancing toward the accomplishment of a League of Nations. The thought of men and women has been ripening and maturing, in and out of America, during these months in which the Senate has deliberated. There has been sharp disagreement on certain clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, yet there has been a growing harmony on the great ideal of a League of Nations, and international conciliation.

The United States Senate did not have power to enact or formulate principles of international action. All that it could have done was to ratify principles already established in the conscience of humanity. The majority of the Senate gave chief attention to national rather than to international considerations, but the principles of international action still stand.

The days have not gone by in vain, in the world outside. Each nation may have its local criticism of the Versailles Treaty. Each nation may express its own isolated opinion on isolated clauses. But without waiting for the decision of separate governments, the general movement of humanity has been advanced steadily. And the time must come when the League will be set forth in such terms as will demand the assent of the American treaty-making body. We have arrived at a side-track, not at a terminus.

What Is North America?

PRINCE EDWARD of Wales has visited the United States and Canada. Though he has not made the extended and detailed tour which was first proposed, he has seen the wild loveliness of the Canadian North, and has viewed New York harbor from the peak of the Woolworth Building. He has met the distinguished men who have won for the Dominion of Canada a place among the nations, and has gone to and fro among the accumulated monuments of liberty in the city of Washington.

Now that so remarkable a world-figure has made so striking a tour, now that the two English-speaking democracies of the West have shown him royal honors, and he has demonstrated his genuine democracy, a certain curiosity must linger in our hearts. What Americans and Canadians think of British royalty they have said, in editorials and in sermons and in public addresses. Every remark made by the heir of George V has been courteous and tactful. But—what does North America really mean to this young man?

If we could really obtain an answer to this question, it might prove illuminating and helpful. We do not know, exactly, what America is. Americans, especially those who have not traveled, cannot conceive of lands like those of Europe, packed together, close neighbors, estimating and judging one another. We are far from that stage, curtailed from their close view by Atlantic mists.

We know that America is not England. We have been told this many times, in kindly tones, or admiring words, or in accents of criticism. But we have never

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been told just what America means, by itself, when viewed through the eyes of one whose whole training has been to make him a representative of British institutions, a type of the ancient European inheritance.

If we could know what North America, wild and tame, means to Edward Windsor, Prince of Wales, we could know what it must probably mean to the world, when the world knows us better. Then we might have a clearer consciousness of our own mission and our own relation to the other lands. But until some Great Interpreter arises, we must proceed as destiny directs, now and then illumined by partial sidelights from abroad, but guided generally by our own light and hope.

The Strength of Millions

THE United States will have no standing army, as militarism knows such an army. Secretary Baker has suggested a total force of 576,000 men, while the House Committee on Military Affairs proposes a maximum of only 300,000 men. Neither force is an army, for within the past few years we have counted men in millions and ammunition by thousands of tons.

But the United States still has the army which has made it a victor or a sharer in victory in all its wars. We still have the peaceful people, lovers of the land and the home. We still have the determined sense of righteousness which has marked every great public movement. We have no crushing weight of uniforms and gold braid on the toiling strength of the people, but we still have the right to call the Peaceful Citizen to his duty.

Perhaps some lovers of show and tinsel would have liked to see the republic keep afoot a few millions of soldiers. But doubtless it is more impressive to see the whole armed force of this republic drop back from sight like a disappearing gun-carriage in a sea-fortification. The hostile fleet does not see that gun behind the gray walls, but the admiral and all his sailors know that it is there.

It is sufficient for Europe to know that the Minute Men of the Revolution are still here, augmented in numbers, of imperishable spirit. Militarist nations will respect us as much, and if we maintained a vast host they would not so much respect as suspect.

And now that we have established our strength among the warring nations, we have all our strength to give to the perpetuation of peace. We have enough soldiers to mount guard from Maine to Manila, enough marines and sailors for seven seas or seventy. And therefore America can take up with undivided strength her great world campaign of peace, without misunderstanding, without accusation of hypocrisy. It is a great campaign, summoning us to the conquest of militarism everywhere by the mighty success of mere citizenship.

As We Look to Brazilians

PRESIDENT EPITACIO PESSOA of Brazil has taken with him to Rio de Janeiro one lesson from the United States. He has opened a fight to establish American prohibition in the great southern republic.

The prohibition forces in the Brazilian congress have armed themselves with American equipment. The effects of alcoholism on the home and the family, in the destruction of life and the nurture of crime, are shown to a ready public. The results of prohibition in cities, states and farming regions of the United States are vividly portrayed. The triumphant re-indorsements of prohibition by American and Canadian voters, when the dry system has been tried and comes up for another vote, are cited in the press and from the platform.

Was prohibition desirable for the United States? Brazilian statesmen, far from the fever of any American argument, know well that it was. And has it worked? And will it work? Brazilian statesmen can look with calm eyes at our increasing bank deposits and our decreasing prison registers, for their answer. Every item of news from the United States is a new argument for prohibition.

It should help us all to realize our blessed condition, when we see how we are envied by other nations. We would have felt flattered, perhaps, if President Pessoa had determined to fill all the cities of Brazil with American skyscrapers, or American elevated roads or subways. It might have moved us if he had tried to transport our educational system to the South. But at the very time that some want to debate on whether or not prohibition is a success, and some timid souls are worrying over they know not what, President Pessoa has shown us that at the moment the greatest, the most important, the most impressive fact in all the United States is that same nationwide prohibition!

Revelry by Night

ALL reports from Germany mention the radiant glow of gayety that shines by night and day in the famous resort cities of the long-beleaguered empire. Wiesbaden, whose tumultuous celebration of victory in the Franco-Prussian war of 1871 was the cause of wonder to Marie Baschkirtseff, is once more claiming the title of "the merriest town on earth." On a single evening, when a ball was given in the great dancing room of one of the sanatoriums, the sum of \$12,500 was spent for flowers.

"Everything is as before the war, only merrier," says Wiesbaden to the world.

Everything may look as before the war, in Wiesbaden or Paris, in London or New York. But the glittering crowds that swirl across the floor of the Kurhaus are not the crowds of before the war. They know what those crowds did not know, of dangers to human life and human liberty. They know what those crowds did not know, of the insecurity of wealth and power, the swift curtailment that may come to gayety itself. The young folks danced in 1871 after Prussia had won, they dance in 1919 after Prussia has lost—but these are not the same. They flirted under gas in 1871, they ogle under electric light in 1919, and vows are given in the twilights of the Garten, but the young folk face a transformed world.

Wiesbaden may give a grand ball to all the world, but it is like the grand ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. Out in the darkness the plans of the world's great movements go on. Out in the world of thought and work the forces muster and the plans of advance are matured. Now and then some officer is spared from his duty to bow and smile a moment under the chandeliers, but the dancing of men or of midges is no key to the world's life. They dance in Wiesbaden, but the war is over. They dance, but the kings are in exile, the people rule, the old order changes. They have danced thus, before Napoleon arose, and while Napoleon reigned, and after Napoleon fell—before Bismarck was born, when Bismarck was demoted, and after he was dead. The ball given is the same that would have been given if Kaiser Wilhelm had conquered. Wiesbaden dancing, imagines all is as before the war, but when the bright dawn breaks she knows it is a new day.

Our Safeguards

ANOTHER uncanny plot of destruction by murderous anarchists has been exposed by the police authorities. Some group of morbid destructionists had laid plots to send bombs to faithful public men throughout the country. They would wrap the infernal machines like Christmas presents, and thus murder many who have taken a stand for the defense of the people against these destructive anarchists.

The news of this plot was fully printed in the newspapers, yet it occasioned no great discussion. It is the calmness of the people, rather than the plot of the plotters, that seems to call for comment.

The fact is that Americans have come to expect such plots to meet exposure. We know that there are some dangerous men in the country, a few in every large community. We might expect that such men, if they operated in old Russia, might succeed in destroying such men as Von Plehve or Grand Duke Sergius. In any country where injustice rules in the exercise of authority, we look for outbreaks, for plots—and many of these will never be exposed to the authorities. Some of the older Russian plots, which resulted in assassination, were known to hundreds of men, not one of whom warned the doomed victim.

But in America a murder plot is still a murder plot. We may at times have criticisms of a government official, but we know regular and just ways of expressing our criticism and our desire of change. Therefore to every American eye murder is murder. Therefore every American is a police officer to expose plotters of assassination. We have clever officers whose official acts are supported by their conviction that American institutions are worth defending. Their cleverness is augmented by the devotion of the main body of the people to their own liberties.

When a nation is oppressed, as in the days of Robin Hood, the sympathy of the people might be with Robin Hood, who pilfered from the rich, and protected the poor. In a free nation, the sympathy of the people is with the law, and not with the wilful and perverse law-breaker. And the people are right. Possibly in some dark lands the mad Nihilist may really think he is representing a principle with his bomb and his knife. In the United States the man with a bomb and a knife is a mere thug, and is universally recognized as such.

People who are never on time render worthless the promptness of others.